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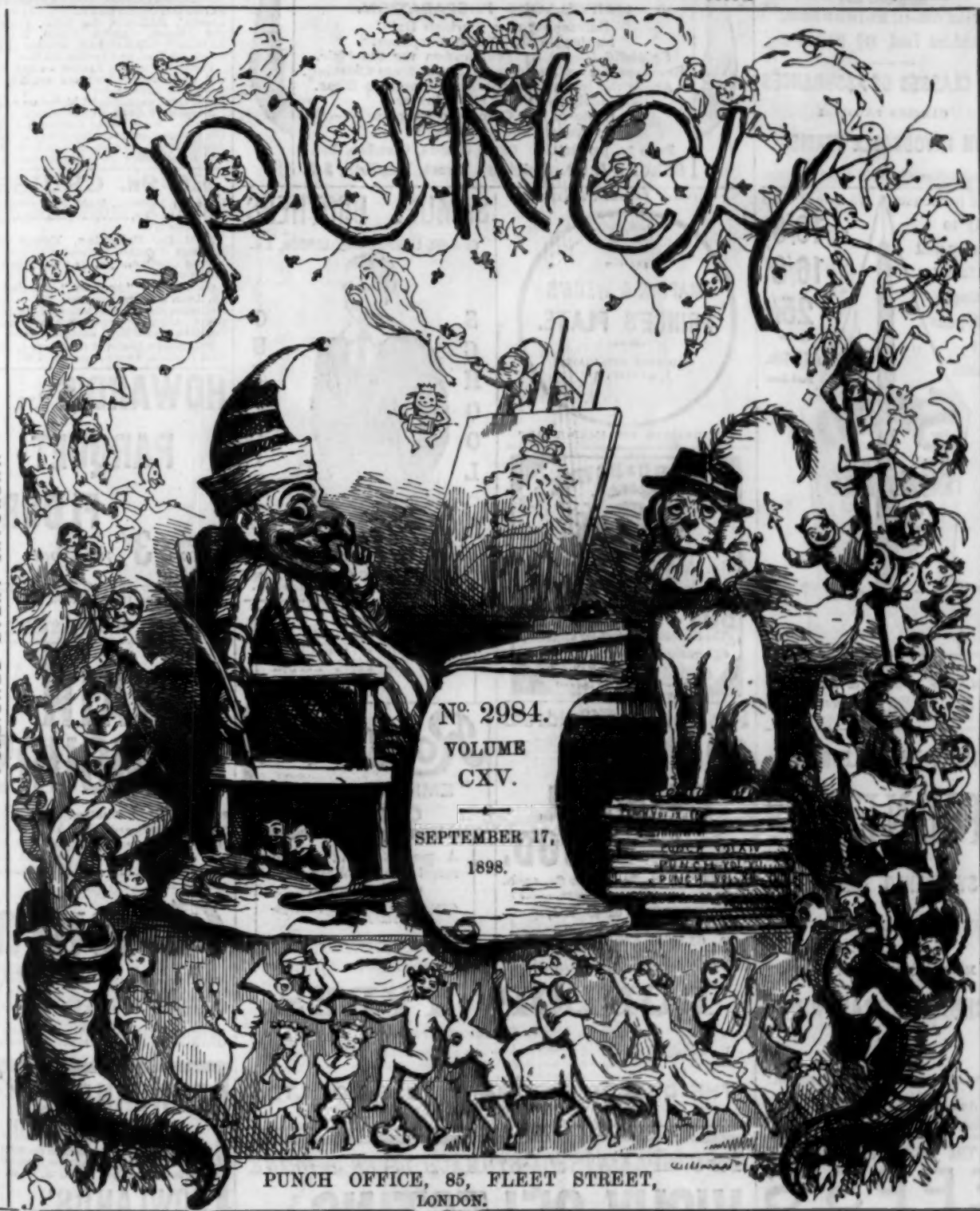

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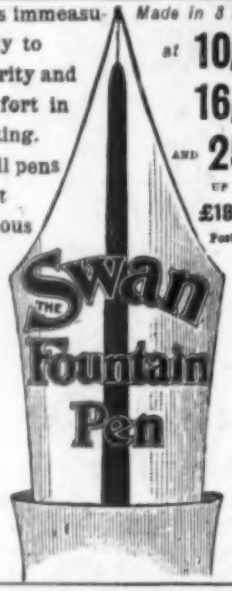

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Steamship "Lusitania," 3,912 tons register, to the MEDITERRANEAN and the BLACK SEA, leaving London 20th September, and visiting TANGIER, VILLEFRANCHE (for Nice, &c.), PALERMO, CONSTANTINOPLE, SEBASTOPOL, BALAKLAVA, YALTA (for Livadia), BATOUM (for Tiflis), PIRÆUS (for Athens), CANEA (Crete), MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth 7th Nov., and London 8th Nov.

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THE BELGIAN SHAKSPEARE.

THE WEIRD SISTERS.

(Commonly called "Macbeth.")

SUGGESTED CAST.

First Sister . .	Mr. MARTIN HARVEY.
Second Sister . .	Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
Third Sister . .	Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON.

SCENE—*A wild and desolate Heath. In the middle of the Stage a Cauldron is boiling. The Three Sisters sit round it. It is midnight.*

First Sister. When shall we three meet again?

Second Sister. We cannot tell when we shall meet again.

Third Sister (severely). You should not ask foolish questions.

Second Sister. Has MACBETH been here to-night?

Third Sister. He has not been here to-night. He will not come any more. DUNCAN is in his grave. He will not come any more. [*They stir the cauldron.*

First Sister. Why is DUNCAN in his grave?

Second Sister. MACBETH murdered DUNCAN. He murdered DUNCAN because DUNCAN was king. MACBETH wished to be king.

First Sister. And is MACBETH king?

Third Sister (acidly). MACBETH is certainly king. MACBETH murdered DUNCAN. He also murdered BANQUO. Your questions are foolish.

First Sister. But why did MACBETH wish to be king?

Third Sister. His wife persuaded him. She wished to be a queen and wear a crown.

First Sister. It was certainly his wife who persuaded him.

Second Sister. It was in this way. DUNCAN was staying at MACBETH's castle. It was a dark night. Not a star was shining.

First Sister. I begin to be afraid.

Second Sister. Two men were guarding DUNCAN's chamber. When they were made drunk, MACBETH took their knives. He killed DUNCAN with their knives. He killed DUNCAN while he was asleep. The men were asleep, too. They were quite drunk and asleep. The night was very dark.

First Sister. Ah-h-h-h! [*Shudders.*

Second Sister. MACBETH put the knives back in their hands. The knives were stained with blood. There was a great deal of blood on the knives.

First Sister. And were the knives found in their hands?

Third Sister (crossly). Of course the knives were found in their hands. Your questions are exceedingly foolish. [*They stir the cauldron.*

Second Sister. When the knives were found in their hands they were astonished. They were quite astonished. They said nothing.

Third Sister (grimly). There was no time to say anything.

First Sister. The night was so dark.

Second Sister. MACBETH killed them before they could say anything. And now MACBETH is king. He will not be king long. MALCOLM will kill him. MALCOLM is BANQUO's son. MACBETH killed BANQUO.

First Sister. When will MACBETH be killed?

Third Sister. When Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane.

First Sister (timidly). But *will* Birnam Wood come to Dunsinane?

Third Sister. Of course Birnam Wood will come to Dunsinane. Your questions are absurdly foolish. [*They stir the cauldron.*

First Sister. But when will Birnam Wood come?

Third Sister (rising and yawning). The brinded cat has mew'd three times, and the hedge-pig once. It must be near morning. By the pricking of my thumbs it must be near morning.

Second Sister. My thumbs also prick.

Curtain.

NEW DANCE MUSIC.—"*The Ask Mammahdi Galop.*" Played with the greatest success by the band of the 21st Lancers at the recent grand reception given by the SIRDAR of Egypt, Sir HERBERT KITCHENER, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., to the KHALIFA and his forces in the Soudan.

TROPICAL MEM.—Heat relaxes morals. Now is the time to sit with a shady individual.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

Belle Britannia. 'DEAR ME! NOT LONG AGO I WAS A WALL-FLOWER! NOW EVERYBODY WANTS DANCES!"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

II.

Wednesday (continued).—Fight in carriage over. A drawn battle, in consequence of my presenting MAX with a sixpence for himself, and so putting him on an equal financial footing with his brother. Alight at Shrimpton Station. Met by hotel 'bus. Get luggage and boys and terrier on to and into it. Only other inside occupants crusty-looking old gentleman and pretty daughter. Daughter seems to take rather an interest in me; glances shyly up at me now and then. May be mistaken, but really think she—well, likes the look of me, and—— "Yow, yow, yow, yow!" yelps that horrid dog. MAX has accidentally trodden on his tail. So upsetting! TOMMY, with both hands in trouser-pockets, swings his legs about till he catches crusty old gentleman nasty kick on knee. Old gentleman rubs knee and looks ten thousand devils at me. Why me? Apologize. Old gentleman still rubs knee ruefully, and mutters "horrid boy," whereupon TOMMY guffaws loudly and dog lets go a howl which causes daughter to stop her ears in anguish. Apologize again. Arrive hotel. Manager looks askance at dog. "Sorry, Sir, we don't allow dogs in the hotel, Sir." Instruct MAX to remove brute to stables. "Oh! but mayn't he just sleep on my bed?" Am firm, and dog sent to stable forthwith. Conducted to our rooms. Dress for *table d'hôte* 7.30. Too early, this. Can never eat satisfactorily until 8 P.M. Boys evidently can. Appalling appetites. MAX drinks four bottles ginger beer, and then observes in perfectly audible tones, that he feels as if he couldn't bear anything on but his boots. Divinity, who is seated next me, blushes and looks hard at table-cloth. Frown at MAX, who only says, "What's the matter with you, Uncle CHARLEY? Got a pain in your——" But I dash in hastily with "Look at that ship, MAX. What a beauty, isn't it?" "Oh! not a bad old barge," he replies, indifferently, but thank goodness, the situation is saved. Asked by waiter if he will take second helping of roast beef, MAX appeals to me, in loud tones, to know if I shall "have to pay anything extra" if he says "yes," because Ma told him he was not to cause any needless expense, and as he felt pretty full now, he supposed—— But I cut him short (feeling hot all over), and bid him not talk so much, but have another helping at once. Begins again, "But you know, I don't really——" Frown severely. MAX again sympathetic but perverse: "Uncle, I'm *sure* you've got a pain in——" Cough loudly, and say I think there's going to be a shower of rain. This time, Divinity laughs outright, and I feel as though I could welcome an earthquake. Dinner over at length. Dessert arrives. TOMMY eats as much as he can, and then pockets all the mixed biscuits, bunch of grapes and two pears. Dare not frown again, too perilous. Cigar on balcony of sitting-room. MAX starts to fetch *Nipper* from stables. I insist that he shall be brought in on string. Coming up stairs, dog and boy meet old lady, who trips over string, and sits down with fearful violence on landing. Rush out in terror, and assist her to her feet. Strong hysterics, smelling-salts, brandy. Apologize profusely. Getting quite used to apologies now, seem to come naturally. Old lady vituperative. Says I (again, why I?) should be ashamed of myself, and that I ought not to let a string, with a dog at one end and a fool at the other, go rushing about hotel stairs. Am strongly inclined to weep, feel so depressed. Conduct her to her own room, dump her into chair, and escape. These d—— dear boys will be the death of me. Why did they bring the wretched dog at all? Insist upon its being removed to stables at once.

"DRAT THE BOY! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THAT STRING TIED ON THAT FOWL'S LEG FOR?" "'TAIN'T OUR FOWL, MUVVER!"

TO THE KAISER.

[On receiving the news of the victory of Omdurman, the German Emperor called upon his soldiers to give three cheers for the QUEEN.]

FOR years we had no reason, Sire, to doubt
The Friendship that we held sincere and dear;
You gave a blow, and we received the clout,
All unexpected in our Southern sphere,
Where you and yours had no assault to make.
We felt the blow. Did *you* feel your mistake?

But now with generous feeling that we prize,
You haste to show that British worth you can appraise,
From Omdurman make Waterloo arise,
And gild the leaves of Britain's newborn bays.
Thanks, grandson of our well-beloved QUEEN, the end
Of petty strife is passed—*you* are again our Friend!

THOUGHT OF A STOCK EXCHANGE MAN, "NINETY-THREE DEG. IN THE SHADE."—"Quite impossible now to make 'a cool thousand.'" (Thursday, Sept. 8.)

THE BATHING QUESTION.

MASTER TOMMY IS EMPHATICALLY OF THE OPINION THAT THE SEXES OUGHT *NOT* TO BATHE TOGETHER.

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

V.—MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

BEFORE the glorious Ascent of Man,
When wild as hares the noble savage ran,
Though Marriage even at that early date
Was held to be an excellent estate,
They mostly did without religious unction
And waived the more important social function.
A person took the object of his heart
And in the jungle had his joys apart,
And if their absence caused a certain doubt
Their families explained that they were out,
Engaged to lunch upon a local black,
And would in course of time be coming back.

Men deemed the statement contrary to fact
But still received it with primeval tact;
Made no allusion to the "happy pair,"
But went to business with a pensive air,
Either afield in search of bestial food
Or scalping niggers in the neighbourhood.
And thus without parade or even rice
Folk wedded in that Earthly Paradise;
Thus in a decent silence passed the Event
Before the age of bold advertisement.

But we, thank Heaven, are civilised to-day,
And manage matters in a worthier way.
Betimes the keynote of the coming Boom
(Struck tentatively at the Drawing-Room)
While yet the victim looks extremely young
Sounds bravely from the stout maternal lung.
Betimes in brazen tones her name is hurled
Forth by the frank Bellettrist of the *W-rld*:—
"At Mrs. 'DICK'S'—the smartest dance in town—
The most divinely fascinating gown,
A dream of muslin, girdled with a zone,
Virgin in aspect, *eau de Nil* in tone,
Was worn by Miss LE SMITHERS, just presented;
(Sir RALPH, her cousin twice removed, has rented
Lord TOBERMORY'S charming Staffa-shooting,
Birds being rather poor this year at Tooting);
Her mother—younger every year—who brought her
Is constantly mistaken for her daughter;
The latter—this is private information—
Is sure to prove the season's chief sensation;
Add to her other charms *un dernier mot*,—
On dit that she should have a pretty *dot*."
Anon, the fowler having set her gin,
The pigeon being drawn adroitly in,
The solemn day of sacrifice is fixed
On which the couple's fortunes must be mixed;
And, lest the public should be unaware
What noble enterprise is in the air,—
Also, by way of handing round the hat
To those whose purse is good for something fat,
Up to the Social Press the news is sent,
And charged as *extra sec* advertisement,
Being more costly than the common kind,
Because the simple reader takes it blind.
Then fall the wedding cards like winter snow,
Free passes—in appearance—to the Show;
But really meaning:—Come or stay away;
You take your choice: in any case you pay.
For though you should (according to your lights)
Object on principle to Marriage-rites,
You 're bound to give, if only under stress
Of menaced revelations in the Press.
For when we read, beneath the blazing sun,
The list of noble deeds that men have done,
When every goodly gift is bruited wide—
The diamonds showered upon the blushing bride,
The husband's share—a brace of sporting rifles,
A jewelled razor-strop, with other trifles
Common, as grammars say, to either sex,
From grand pianos down to open cheques—
Then too is read, beneath the blazing sun,
By implication, what is left undone.

Fitted by facial knowledge of the Great,
Happy the woman-journalist whom fate
Gives with her paper's pittance and her fare
A seat at Holy Hymen's, Eaton Square;
There to assist, a goodish way behind,
At this the triumph of her sex and kind;
Straining her eyes to catch—a thing that 's vital—
The semblance of a Person with a title:
Sketching my lady's corsage,—taking notes
Of plumes and bodices and petticoats,
In language of professional technique
All gaily redolent of Gallic *chic!*
But happier that reporter who achieves,
There where the Mother, later on, receives,
To find the wedding-spoils within her reach,
And touch the giver's label tied to each!
To tell us in what travelling array
The lady ultimately "went away";
And whether Dover was the destination,
Or Someone's Castle lent for this occasion.

GORDON

KHARTOUM!

[MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 1885. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1898.

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That

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But why rehearse in full the blatant code
That guides and governs "Marriage *à la mode*"?
Enough is hinted here to show that we
Do not regard it as a Mystery;
For when a gentleman proceeds to wed
(A fairly private matter, you 'd have said),
Swearing to keep the same continuous wife
For good, or even better, all his life,
In point of fact, it 's not a private Show,
But just a public function, like the Row;
A paying job like rural selling-plates,
Or one of Aston Villa's little gates;
Refined as when your coster has his fling,
Giving his "Dutch" a gaudy burying!
Such the foundation, exquisitely chaste,
On which our stern morality is based;
So Wedlock, veil-less to the vulgar view,
Flaunts like a common wench *qui fait la rue*.

HET NIEUWS VAN DEN DAG.

Amsterdam, Donderdag, Sept. 8.

MIJNHEER DE REDACTEUR!—*We leven als in een droom deze dagen*, though there 's not much chance to dream at nights. The whole town has gone mad with excess of loyalty, which reaches a stentorian climax about 2 A.M. Quite old ladies execute waltzes and fandangoes round barrel-organs on the cobble-stone pavements; and as for the younger generation, they have had a week's uninterrupted marching up and down the Kalverstraat and the Leidschestraat to the strains *più-che-fortissimo* of the "*Wilhelmus*" and "*Bummle', bummle', bummle' ist so schön.*" Yet I have seen no rowdyism nor 'Arryism, no pea-shooting and very little back-scratching. Miscellaneous amenities are being chiefly interchanged by means of hundreds of thousands of long peacocks' feathers, with which *mijnheer* tickles *mejuffrouw* under the nose, or *vice versâ*. Needless to say, orange is the only wear, and very effective it is, too. I have even gone so far as to buy an orange tie myself, but shall probably get taken up for sporting such flamboyant attire at home.

Well, there is some reason for all the enthusiasm. What else could be expected when you have a radiant young Queen of eighteen, sympathetic, proud of her people as they are of her, the great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grand-niece of the national Hero, WILLIAM THE SILENT? (*Note to linotyper.*—Please get these *greats* right; I have taken a lot of trouble over the Royal pedigree.) I have seen her I don't know how many times these last few days, looking each time more charming than before, if that were possible.

Throughout, the white-costumed "Little Queen," WILHELMINA, played her part right royally. It was an astonishing performance for a girl of eighteen.

Yesterday night, fireworks, or rather waterworks, on the Y, the best part of the sight being the reflections in the water. One set-piece was a comic elephant with practicable tail, which must have greatly pleased the Indian princes. All sorts of hospitalities have been showered on your representative by the City and the Press Committee during these festivities.

To-morrow, collection of souvenirs. Coronation medals, ideas, and luggage for the train to Fleecing'um (as somebody miscalled it this morning), Queenboro', and a square meal at home again. *Hoogachtend* (must get in one more word of Dutch),

Z. IJ. X.

HONEYMOONING IN PARIS.

Mrs. Jones. "AM I NOT AN EXPENSIVE LITTLE WIFIE!"

Jones (who has spent the morning and a small fortune at the Magasin du Louvre). "WELL, YOU *ARE* A LITTLE DEAR!"

VERSES FOR A PSALTER.

["A German Professor strongly advocates a moderate use of table salt."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

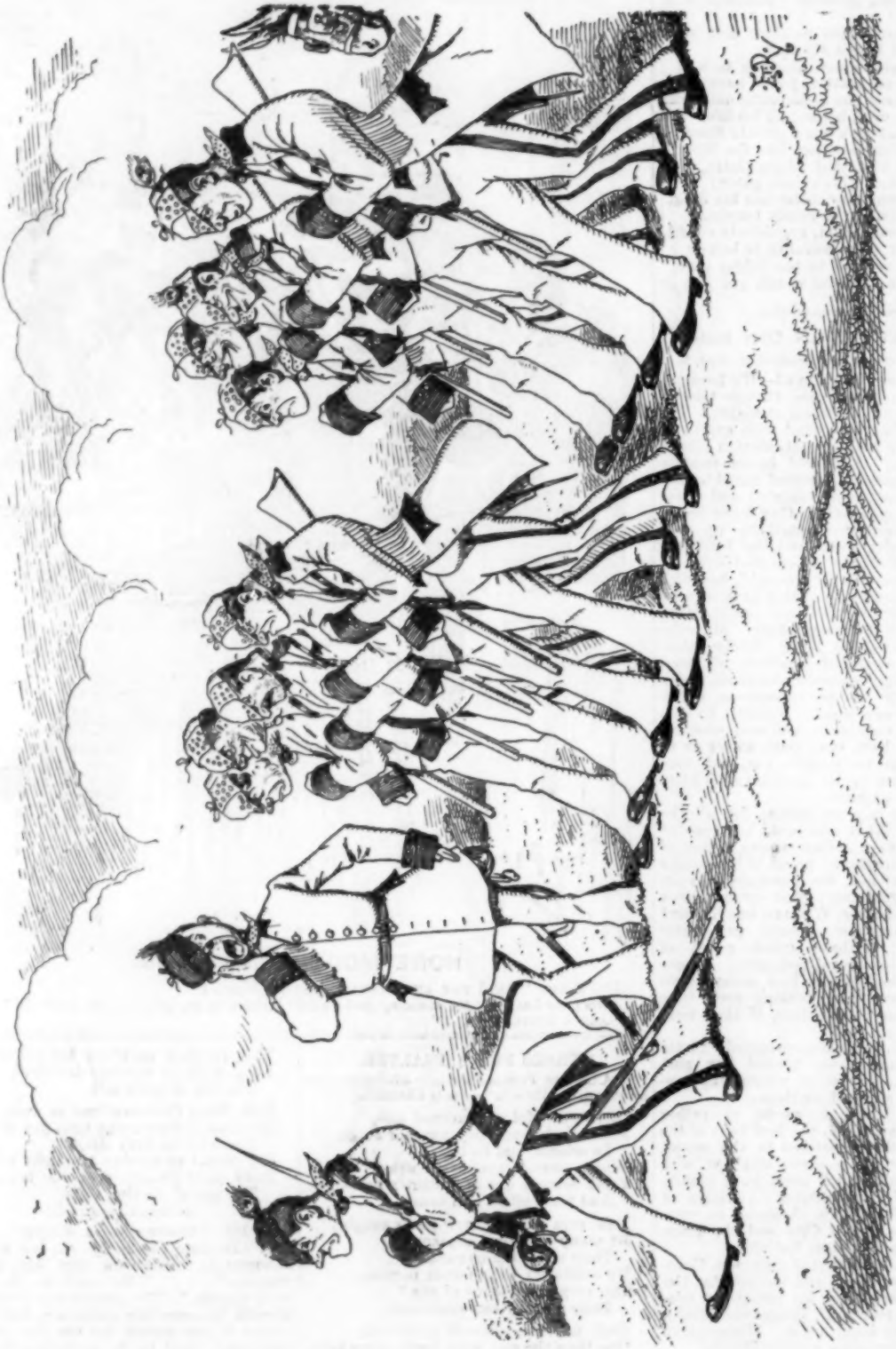
OH! wonderful enlightened age,
That climbs each day another stage
In science and its laws,
Whose erudite professors wrest
Fresh secrets out of Nature's breast,
And trace effect and cause.

New rays of light, new gases sought,
By many a learned *argonaut*
Their eager brains expand;
No mysteries their minds perplex,
The very "incidence of sex"
Their science can command.

And, now the century grows old,
One than the rest more keen, more bold,
With skill that knows no fault,
That problem patiently has solved
Long while in mystery involved,
The use of table salt.

Hail, Herr Professor! not in vain
The cup of knowledge thus you drain
Down to its very dregs!
On, then! to further triumphs reach,
Until your grandmother you teach
The art of sucking eggs.

IS MR. CHAMBERLAIN A BISHOP?—Why ask? Because the *P. M. G.*, last Friday, announced, "Interview with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN" . . . . "He confirms the *Pall Mall Gazette*." The journal was christened directly it came into existence, but what a time it has waited for the rite of confirmation! And to be confirmed by Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.



"THE COSTER GUARDS" (QUEEN'S OWN EAST END REGIMENT). WHY NOT?

["Inquire of any recruiting sergeant, and he will tell you a young Cockney makes the best material for a soldier. . . . Take the *Coster class*, generally born in London, and it will be difficult to match such men elsewhere for work and lung power."—*Volunteer Surgeon*, "*Daily Mail*," *September* 7.]

ETYMOLOGY V. ZOOLOGY.

Fair Owner. "I HAVE JUST PUT A "MONKEY" ON HIM FOR THIS RACE."
Country Cousin. "POOR LITTLE CHAP! HE LOOKS AS IF THEY FED HIM ON NUTS."

DARBY JONES ON THE LEGER.

HONOURED SIR,—If you or any other of my Patrons failed to save over the Greer-Darling Combination on four legs known as *Wildfowler*, you could not have read with attention the Ample Augury supplied by your very Obedient and Humble Domestic. I warned every one of Great Danger in that Astute Quarter, though I confess that I did not expect to see the Irishman revenge the Battle of the Boyne by simply strolling home from the Winner of the Derby. I believe, Sir, that the Right Honourable Cardinal RICHELIEU deceased, but still kept alive by the Entertaining Efforts of Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN, once enjoyed what was known in Gallic History as the "Day of Dupes." Similarly may many Frequenters of the Turf look back upon the Anniversary of the Sellinger Stakes as the "Day of Mugs"—the mugs having been shattered and broken like the contents of the proverbial China Shop when invaded by a bull.

After *Wildfowler's* victory, no doubt tons of Condolences *and other things* were poured upon Mr. LARNACH, Mr. MARSH, and, above all, on the Noble Owner of *Dieudonné*, the Favourite's Stable Companion. In my humble opinion, the Duke's animal would have appropriated the stakes had he been accommodated with a Start, but of course Mr. MARSH knows better than a Swivel-eyed Observer at the Street Corner. It is given to most mortals to be as wise as King SOLOMON after the shekels have been lost and won. To one curious fact I will draw your attention, and that is, that for Seventeen Years at least one of the three placed horses has been owned by a Proprietor of Titled Degree. You will have to go back to 1881 to find three Unhandled Owners taking front rank at Doncaster, and that was in the "Yankee Year," when Mr. LORILLARD's *Iroquois*, with poor FRED ARCHER up, finished before Mr. GRETTON's *Geologist* and Mr. CHARLES PERKINS's *Lucy Glitters*. Since then one at least of the crocks which have caught the Judge's eye has been the property of a gentleman whom we do not address as Esquire. True it is that the possessor of *Wildfowler* is a Captain, but so is my friend KRITERION; Mr. LARNACH is mated with the Aristocracy, and Mr. BELMONT ought no doubt to be Duke of New York, were Peerages conferred by the President of the United States, but the Fact as I have stated it remains.

The aspect of the Doncaster Great and Grand Stands on the Leger Day was that of Henley Regatta.

It is early to prophesy about the Cesarewitch, but, as the Acceptances for the Autumn Handicaps are now Common Property, I chortle—

The *Sea on the Waltz* may be goodly to see,
But the *Blanch Ice* is one for my own £ s. d.

This is only a forecast for two.

DARBY JONES.

"'Collapse of Essex.' Dear, dear! I wonder if my Property at Ilford is safe?" [*Buys paper to see.*

ON SEEING THE SPLENDID RAILWAY STATION AT FLUSHING.—"*Magnifique! mais c'est la Gare!*"

THE BEST HOT RANGE NOW GOING.—The KITCHENER which cooked the KHALIFA's goose.

CHANGE OF TITLE.—"Lord CARNARVON" to be "Lord MOTOR-CARNARVON."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S POLICY to be taken "*cum grano Salis*-bury."

A POINT OF CONSCIENCE.

Mamma. "BABY DEAR, YOU MUST SAY THAT YOU ARE *VERY* SORRY FOR SAYING 'SHA'N'T' TO NURSIE." (*Pause.*) "NOW, SAY YOU ARE VERY SORRY, DEAR."

Baby (*after a longer and more painful pause*). "BUT, MAMMA DEAR, ISN'T IT MORE NAUGHTY TO TELL WICKED STORY THAN TO SAY 'SHA'N'T' TO NURSIE?"

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

AT THE SEASIDE.

Auguste. Tiens! C'est Monsieur MULLER. How go you, dear Mister?

Ludwig. Ach so! Dear Mister Colleague. Are you also in Eastbourne atcome?

Aug. But yes! By a such heat one is best at the border of the sea. That he makes hot even here, by blue! One has well choosed the name of this town, East-burn. When the wind is at the East one is burned in effect. It is as a veritable sirocco in Italy.

Lud. Yes well! The heat and the blue heaven are quite as in Italian. A friend of me, one Italianer, has to me thereof speaked. Can you Italianish?

Aug. If I speak Italian? Ah that, some words.

Lud. Mine friend cannot English, as you and as I. He say, so much I remember me, "*Il cielo inglese è sempre coperto, non è vero? Ebbene, adesso lo vedo per la prima volta. Ecco, è sempre azzurro! E che calore! Diavolo!* So come mine friend, and the English heaven is ever blue.

Aug. You have learned the Italian very well. And the Spanish?

Lud. Ah no!

Aug. Because, when you speak of the heaven, I recall me the Spanish proverb, "*Nueve meses de invierno, tres de infierno.*" See there the Londonian climate this year here.

Lud. Kolossal!

Aug. C'est vrai. Londres est énorme.

Lud. But the Englanders are ever energish, even when it so frightful hot is.

Aug. Infatigables!

Lud. In London carry man one black coat and one cylinder.

Aug. And they play at the cricket. Figure you, dear Mister, these insulars, these enraged ones, playing at the cricket by a such heat!

Lud. Kolossal!

Aug. Parfaitement! Elle est accablante. But still! They play at the "football." That commences already there is some days. Figure you that! The football by a temperature of fifty degrees at the sun. That has even the air of to be more by the English thermometer, perhaps hundred twenty or hundred thirty degrees. *Saprisi!* But I comprehend not the English measures. Is it that you them comprehend?

Lud. Ach nein, du lieber Himmel! They are not as in the Fatherland. Even one glass beer is much littler, and one *Krug* that have they at all not.

Aug. The English themselves they comprehend not their measures to them. *En Angleterre les poids et les petits pois sont également affreux.*

Lud. Kolossal!

Aug. But it are of brave people, these English. To amuse himself as that at the sun that is ridiculous, but when he him must, see there the English, calm and inbeatable, in a climate much more hot. Even a French can to admire and to praise the brave English at Omdurman. What victory!

Lud. Yes well! And what for organizeering! All arranged, all ready, as in Germany. *Kolossal!*

Aug. Et quel élan! Superbe!

Lud. Bitte?

Aug. Ah, the good idea! *Un bock.* A glass of "bitter," of English beer.

Lud. One glass beer? That drink I very willing. One pair glass beer. One half-dozen glass beer. The weather is so frightful warm.

Aug. Go we then to the *café*—ah no, there is not of him in England!

Lud. And also no *biergarten.* Come you to mine hotel, and drink we there one glass beer.

Aug. Very volunteerly. And this evening will you to come to dine with me? Our friend Mr. ROBINSON shall be of the dinner.

Lud. With the greatest pleasure. You are very goody, very loveworthy.

Aug. Enchanted! We go to drink a bottle of champagne to the health of our friend *Mr. Punch* and of his brave compatriots. As say the English, we shall have them on a toast.

Lud. Here is mine hotel.

Aug. If we were drinking the little *bock* in the garden of the hotel in full air?

Lud. Ach so! Prachtvoll! Wunderschön! Waiter, seven glass beer!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In the Shadow of the Three (HUTCHINSON), is a story whose every page is flushed with the rich lights and glowing tints of Venice. BLANCHE LOFTUS TOTTENHAM knows her Venice well, and has made a close study of the period at which she fixes her tale. It is in the closing years of last century, when NAPOLEON, in the full strength of his mighty youth, was startling the world with his triumphant march at the head of a ragged army through Italy. Venice was still under the rule of the Doge, happily the last of the historic race. Tottering to its fall, tyranny, made frantic, clutched at the throats of the people. Every other man, and most other women, were spies, either in the pay of the Council of Ten or of the Austrians. By the patriotic party, NAPOLEON was hailed as a deliverer. How *Lelio Zarano* worked for a free Italy, and how he was helped (and hindered) by the beautiful *Viola* is, my Baronite says, well worth searching out beneath *The Shadow of the Three.*

THE BARON DE B.-W.

An Ice Name!

THE Rev. Mr. BAILEY writes to the *Daily Mail* from a "Waterless District," called "Cold Norton, near Maldon." But what a delightful name for any place, just now, when the thermometer in the shade has been ninety-two and ninety-three, is "Cold Norton." Yet "Cold Norton" without any cold water is not so pleasant to contemplate. To be "obliged to send three miles" in order to "obtain even a small supply of water fit for domestic use" is indeed an uncommonly hard case. Those who ought to supply the needful cold water will get into hot water! and then—— Oh, something iced, please.

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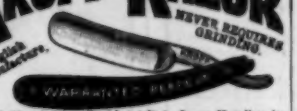

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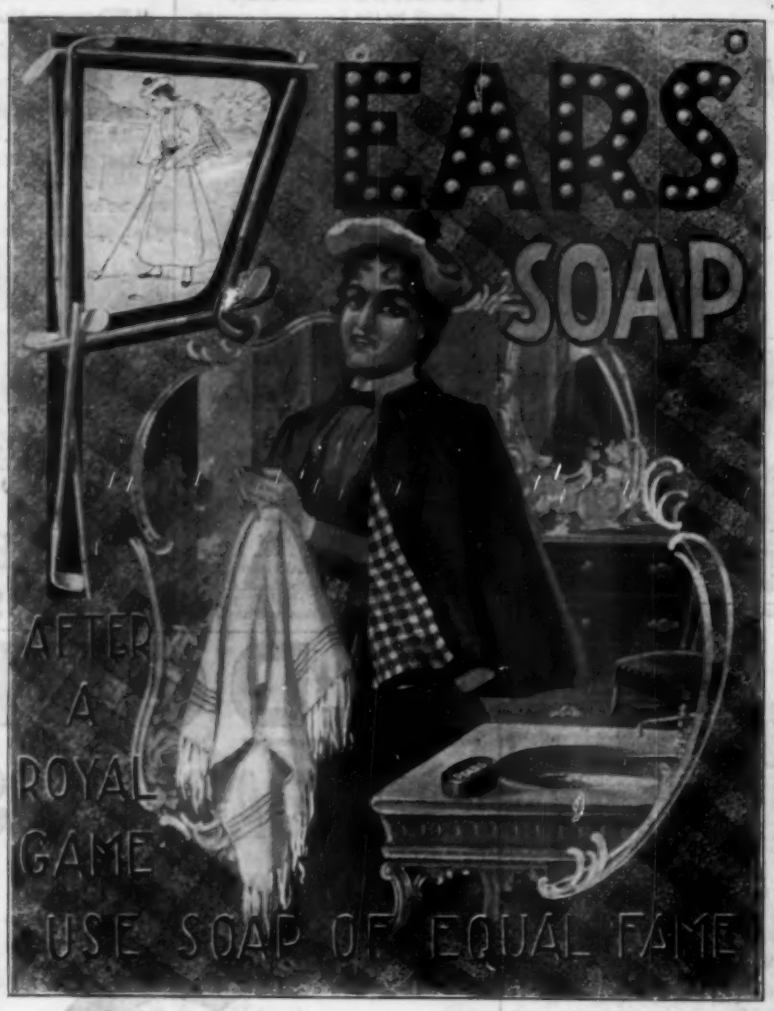

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